



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XI.—NO. 37.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1799.

WHOLE NO. 557.

HORRORS OF OAKENDALE ABBEY.

[Continued from our last.]

THE amusements, which filled up her time, served, in some degree, to drive from her mind those gloomy ideas, which, when indulged by indolent musings, never fail to divert the mind of its proper energy, and to cast a shade of melancholy discontent upon every object. Her fancy, indeed, would sometimes wander back to past scenes, and recollection would exhibit the youthful hours when, with her dear Eugene, she passed whole days, delighted and beloved, unconscious of the evil that awaited her, and of those many dark hours which had succeeded them; that Eugene should never have made any inquiry, or sent one letter to her before she left France, was what she could not place to any account but that of her evil destiny; it was strange and unexpected; yet she was sure his heart was faithful, and some untoward accident had been the cause why two hearts, so firmly united, and formed for each other, were now so totally divided and torn asunder.

These were sad reflections, and she indulged them as little as possible.

As the spring advanced, Mrs. Greville showed her many beautiful parts of the country, and they were visited by the distant neighbors. Sir George and lady Orland were expected; and Laura, though she knew not why, felt a cheering hope as the time approached. At length the evening arrived, which brought Sir George and his lady to the Grove. Mrs. Greville presented Laura to them as a very valuable acquisition, which fortune had bestowed upon her since the last saw them.

After the usual salutations and compliments, lady Orland slept back, and led in a lady, saying, "I have likewise an acquisition to introduce to you;" when Laura, turning her eyes to the lady as she advanced, they were fascinated with the sight of her dear and ever-valued Madame du Frene. The joy was mutual, and they rushed into each others arms with unfeigned transports of delight.

Lady Orland had received Madame du Frene into the house in the capacity of a Governess to her only daughter; and she had discovered so many amiable traits in her character, and her whole conduct and deportment had been so uniformly calculated for the trust reposed in her, that lady Orland never withstood to consider her in any light, but that of a polite and accomplished visitor; and had given her so many proofs of her friendship and regard, as gave her every reason to forget she was an emigrant. Madame du Frene had frequently mentioned and lamented the fate of her beloved Laura, and her joy was now completed in finding her under the protection of the worthy Mrs. Greville.

After having related to each other their various adventures since the time of their separation, Madame du Frene told Laura, that in one of the emigrants, whom chance had thrown in her way to London, she had met with the woman, to whose care Laura was intrusted, in her voyage from India; that she was now servant at a hotel in London, was ready to give any testimony concerning

her charge as far as she knew; but she was in daily expectation of a brother from the East-Indies, who would bring a more particular account of the name and parents of Laura, as she had sent him word of her having been taken prisoner, and stripped of every thing that could direct her to find her relations.

Laura's heart glowed with gratitude to Providence for having so miraculously preserved her, and raised her up friends in a country, where as yet she had no knowledge of such a claim; and she doubted not but the dispensations of his all-ruling power would enable her to find some being to whom she could prove her kindred, and pay that filial duty with which her heart overflowed.

Thus was Laura situated during the transactions that had been passing at Oakendale Abbey.

The society at Mrs. Greville's wanted not any addition. If the idea of Eugene sometimes crossed the fancy of Laura with a painful sensation, she suppressed even the sigh which the memory of past scenes, and the conviction that they would not return, would occasion; for she knew that the happiness of this world must admit of much alloy, and her present situation was such, that she had no other cause for regret.

Meantime Lord Oakendale was indefatigable in his endeavors to recover his niece, and had at last received the pleasing intelligence that she was at Mrs. Greville's. He lost not a moment to go there, charmed with the knowledge that she was under such a respectable protection.

It was after one sultry day that Laura, with the rest of Mrs. Greville's family, were sitting near the point of a rock, contemplating the prospect which commanded the view of a beautiful lake. She was reflecting upon her happy situation, and only indulging one fearful and distant wish for a certain object ever dear to her remembrance, when a servant, addressing Mrs. Greville, announced Lord Oakendale.

Laura started, and screaming, said, "Ah! hide me, hide me, from that wicked man!"

"Fear nothing, my love," said Mrs. Greville; "you have friends here sufficient to protect you, and Sir George will wait upon his lordship to know his business."

Sir George instantly arose to obey his aunt, and promised Laura that she should never be carried from them while he had an arm to defend her. He instantly left them, and Laura kept clinging to Madame du Frene when they perceived Lord Oakendale and Sir George advancing towards them.

Laura trembled, but was determined to summon up courage to support and exert herself, when Lord Oakendale flew to embrace her with the appellation of "my dearest niece."

Laura stood amazed, and fancied that her organs of hearing deceived her, or that Lord Oakendale was practising some new deception; but when he stood for a moment in silent admiration, and she saw the tears roll down his manly cheeks, a sympathetic tear relieved her bosom, and a secret impulse chased away her fears. Lord Oakendale, in a few words, explained the mystery;

and she had the inexpressible felicity of embracing an uncle.

Lord Oakendale pressed her to his bosom with parental fondness; and drawing from thence a miniature, suspended by a ribbon, he held it to Laura, saying, "Behold your father's just resemblance in this picture, which was torn from thy infant neck by ruffians; yet presented by thy penitent uncle."

Laura received it with joy, and she knelt to her uncle with filial love and obedience. Happiness was every where diffused around, and her heart glowed with laudable pride when Lord Oakendale thanked Mrs. Greville for her unbounded kindness to his niece, Laura Carleton, for such he had no doubt she was; he therefore passed a few days at Mrs. Greville's, in joys to which he had hitherto been a stranger; for although he was now near fifty years of age, he had ever been debarred from the felicity of domestic society. He found Laura (when divested of fear and embarrassment) a charming companion. When she related her history and sufferings, he could not sufficiently admire her strength of mind, her resolution, and above all, her resignation. In short, he perfectly doted on her; and lost no time in sending for the testimony of the woman's brother, who had brought her over, and of whom Madame du Frene had spoken. The man was lately arrived, and brought with him a duplicate of the paper Mr. Martin had before delivered to Lord Oakendale, written in his brother's own hand.

Madame du Frene was ready to affirm, that Laura was the identical child her husband had brought from the French prison; but, besides all this testimony, Laura's own remembrance and account furnished the strongest proof. The confirmation was beyond a doubt; and if there had been any remaining testimony wanting from coincidence of circumstances, the uncommon likeness she bore not only to her father, but to the picture of her grandmother, which had so attracted poor Eugene in Oakendale Abbey, was proof sufficient; and the fondness which Lord Oakendale felt for the only offspring of his family, wanted no corroborating testimony that their blood flowed from the same source. Indeed when he looked back upon the strange events which had brought them together, and made known their affinity, he blessed the hand of heaven which had so miraculously saved him from one of the worst of crimes. And as he gazed, with unspeakable fondness, on the fair form of his lovely niece, he considered her as a rich blessing sent to comfort the remainder of his days here; and by working a reformation in his conduct, to give him hopes for those of hereafter.

Lord Oakendale testified his most grateful acknowledgements to Madame du Frene for her maternal care of Laura, and to whose good instructions he placed the uncommon merit she possessed. When he gave a recital of the search which he had made to investigate the mystery of Oakendale Abbey, he engaged the fixed attention of his auditors; but when he came to give the account of finding Eugene, and of his long confinement in the dreary vault, the description he gave of his person and manners, convinced Laura that it could be no other than her dear Eugene; the regi-

tal of whose cruel imprisonment and sufferings, softened her heart with the tenderest pity, and rendered him still more dear.

When Lord Oakendale mentioned the poor emaciated figure in the grated room, whom Mr. F—— called Eugene, Laura arose with great emotion, and expressed a trembling impatience for the conclusion of a fate in which she was so nearly interested. Lord Oakendale took but little notice of her perturbation; he would not allow his heart for a moment to admit the idea of an union with Eugene. Whatever might be his merits, a something, relating, no doubt, to his birth, made his mind recoil at the bare supposition; and yet Laura, with all her happiness, and all her titles, was but a wretch, if divided from that her fondest hope; but she was now to engage in a new scene.

Lord Oakendale and his niece, having gratefully expressed their thanks to Mrs. Greville and all her family, for their hospitality and kindness, took their leave of the grove, and set out for London, where Lord Oakendale welcomed Laura as mistress of his house, and sole heiress to the fortunes of Oakendale. She was visited by a numerous train of company; some, who had heard her story, from real regard and friendship; others, from curiosity, and a desire of finding some flaw in a character so conspicuously superior! But her fascinating manners gained her universal admiration. She shone in the most brilliant circles, in which her eyes continually wandered in pursuit of an object dearer to her than all the world.

It happened one evening, at an assembly, to which she went unaccompanied by Lord Oakendale, that she heard Lord Vincent announced. Her heart fluttered at the sound, and, in a moment after she beheld her loved Eugene.

He did not immediately perceive her; but the moment his eyes encountered that fair form, which his heart had ever adored, he waited not for the ceremony of a formal introduction. He made his way to her; he seized her hand, and for a few moments they forgot that the eyes of a whole assembly were rivetted upon them.

Laura was covered with blushes; and some of those malignant spirits (who, envious of her charms, and the splendor in which she shone, were continually upon the watch to lower her merit) instantly took the hint, and a burst of ill-natured whispers assailed her ear. A lady, who was her chaperon, relieved her embarrassment, by making room for Eugene to sit by her, with whom she entered into chat, as if she had been one of his most intimate acquaintance, although she had never seen him before.

This not only made Laura feel more easy, but also gave Eugene an opportunity of uttering a thousand tender inquiries, in which his heart was truly interested. The matter of his writing to her was cleared up to the entire satisfaction of both parties, who had each lamented the silence of the other. The subject of the Abbey was but slightly touched upon. It was evident they had both been confined there at the same time; and this idea afforded sensations too tender to be discussed in their present situation.

[To be continued.]

ANECDOTE.

CITIZEN GARNIER, a French Aeronaut, lodged complaint against the municipal officer of a Commune, where he dropped after one of his excursions. To the charge the municipal officer made the following whimsical reply:—"My office requires me to look after vagabonds, and no body can be more in the vagabond character than him who falls from the clouds."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE LOVER.

TWAS on the margin of a stream,
Whose willows trembled in the wind,
Beneath the waning Moon's pale beam,
The love-loin JAMMY sad reclined:
In pensive numbers flow'd the rill,
Swell'd with the tears that dim'd her eyes,
While echo, from a neighboring hill,
Responded to his plaintive sighs.

"Oh! radiant orb! (the lover said)
How long shall I to thee complain,
Or wrapt in midnight's heaviest shade,
Muse on the cause of all my pain?
Now half the world is hush'd to sleep,
But to the hour of SILENCE true,
I o'er a hopeless passion weep,
And think of joys I ne'er must know.

Ah! when my frame and spirit part,
And the cold sod lies on my breast,
Perhaps the fair JESSIE'S heart,
By pity's hand may be imprest.
Oh! I will love the fatal flame,
And unrepining meet my doom,
If she will but repeat my name,
And drop a tear upon my tomb."

New-York, April, 1799.

ANNA.

THE VIOLET.

SERENE is the morning, the lark leaves its nest,
And sings a salute to the dawn;
The sun with his splendor embroiders the east,
And brightens the dew on the lawn;
While the fons of debauch to indulgence give way,
And slumber the prime of their hours,
Let Eve's blooming daughters the garden survey,
And make their remarks on the flowers.

The gaudy gay tulip, observe as ye walk,
How flaunting the glofs of its vest,
How proud and how stately it stands on its stalk,
In beauty's diversity dress'd;
From the rose, the carnation, the pink, and the clove,
What odours incessantly spring;
The south walis a richer perfume from the grove,
As it brushes their leaves with its wing.

Apart from the rest in her purple array,
See the VIOLET humbly retreats;
In modest concealment she preps on the day,
Yet none can excel her in sweets;
So humble, that though with unparallel'd grace,
She might e'en a palace adorn,
She oft in the hedge hides her innocent face,
And grows at the foot of the thorn.

So beauty, ye fair ones! is doubly refin'd,
When modestly heightens its charms,
When meekness divine adds a gem to the mind,
The heart of each suitor it warms.
Let none talk of Venus and all her proud train,
The graces that wait on her call;
'Tis modesty only my notice shall gain,
This Violet surpasses them all.

PLEASURE.

SEE Pleasure; with deceitful smiles
She woos the heart to taste of joy,
But Oh! avoid her siren wiles,
She smiles—yet smiles but to destroy.
Tho' chaplets do her brows adorn,
What tho' she's jocund as the spring?
Beware! there is a hidden thorn—
A thorn that will forever sting
Dare not the influence of her eyes;
Beware the poison of her breath;
Fly from her arms, there ruin lies:
Her smiles are fate—her song is death.

TO SLEEP.

COME, gentle Sleep, image of death approach,
And kindly hover o'er my lone couch:
How sweet in sleep to rest the weary eye!
Live without life, and without dying die.

DESCRIPTION of AMERICAN WHITE-WASHING.

Written by a gentleman to his friend in England.

SIR,

MY wish is to give some account of the people of these new states, but I am far from being qualified for the purpose, having as yet seen little more than the cities of New-York and Philadelphia. I have discovered but few national singularities among them. Their customs and manners are nearly the same with those of England, which they have long been used to copy. I have observed, however, one custom, which, for aught I know, is peculiar to this country.

When a young couple are about to enter into the matrimonial state, a never-failing article in the marriage-treaty is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the rights of WHITE WASHING, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. A young woman would forego the most advantageous connection, and even disappoint the warmest wish of her heart, rather than resign the invaluable right. You will wonder what this privilege of white-washing is: I will endeavor to give you some account of the ceremony, as I have seen it performed.

There is no season of the year in which the lady may not claim her privilege, if she pleases; but the latter end of May is generally fixed for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge by certain prognostics when the storm is high at hand. When the lady is unusually fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the fithiness of every thing about her—these are signs which ought not to be neglected; they are not decisive, as they sometimes come on and go off again, without producing any farther effect. But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard a wheel-barrow with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets with lime dissolved in water, there is then no time to be lost: He immediately locks up the apartment or closet where his papers or private property are kept, and putting the key in his pocket, betakes himself to flight; for a husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage: His authority is superseded, his commission is suspended, and the very scullion who cleans the brasses in the kitchen, becomes of more consideration and importance than him. He has nothing for it, but to abdicate, and run from an evil which he can neither prevent nor mollify.

The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls are in a few minutes stripped of their furniture; paintings, prints, and looking glasses, lie in a huddled heap about the floors; the curtains are torn from the testers, the beds crammed into the windows; chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles crowd the yard; and the garden fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats, and ragged breeches. Here may be seen the lumber of the kitchen, forming a dark and confused mass: For the foreground of the picture, gridirons and frying pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, spits and pots, joint-stools, and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. There a closet has disgorged its bowels, cracked tumblers, broken wine-glasses phials of forgotten physic, unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, handfuls of old corks, tops of teapots, and boppers of departed decanters;—from the rag-hole in the garret to the rat-hole in the cellar, no place escapes ununmugged. It would seem as if the day of general doom was come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgement. In this tempest, the words of Lear naturally present themselves, and might, with some alteration, be made strictly applicable.

-----"Let the great gods,

That keep this dreadful padder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipt of justice?"

-----"Close pent up guilt,
Raise your concealing continents, and ask
These dreadful summoners grace!"

This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and ceilings of every room and closet with brushes dipped in a solution of lime, called White-wash; to pour buckets of water over every floor, and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with rough brushes wet with soap suds, and dipped in stone cutters sand. The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the pent house, at the risk of her neck, and with a mug in her hand, and a bucket within reach, she dashes away innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes; to the great enjoyment of the passengers in the street.

These smearings and scratchings, washings and dashings, being duly performed, the next ceremonial is to cleanse and replace the distracted furniture. You may have seen a house-raising or a ship-launch, when all the hands within reach are collected together: Recollect, if you can, the hurry, bustle, confusion, and noise of such a scene, and you will have some idea of this cleaning match. The misfortune is, that the sole object is to make things clean; it matters not how many useful, ornamental, or valuable articles are mutilated, or suffer death under the operation: A mahogany chair and carved frame undergo the same discipline; they are to be made clean at all events; but their preservation is not worthy of attention. For instance, a fine large engraving is laid flat upon the floor; smaller prints are piled upon it, and the superincumbent weight cracks the glasses of the lower tier; but this is of no consequence. A valuable picture is placed leaning against the sharp corner of a table; others are made to lean against each other, until the pressure of the whole forces the corner of the table through the canvass of the first. The frame and glass of a fine print are to be cleaned; the spirit and oil used on this occasion are suffered to leak through and spoil the engraving; no matter; if the glass is clean, and the frame shines, it is sufficient; the rest is not worthy of consideration. An able arithmetician has made an accurate calculation, founded on long experience, and has discovered, that the losses and destruction incident to two white-washings are equal to one removal, and three removals equal to one fire.

There is one alleviation of the husband's distress; he generally has the privilege of a small closet for his books and papers, the key of which he is allowed to keep. This is considered as a privileged place, and stands like the land of Goshen amid the plagues of Egypt. But then he must be extremely cautious, and ever on his guard. For should he inadvertently go abroad and leave the key in his door, the house maid, who is always on the watch for such an opportunity, immediately enters in triumph with buckets, brooms, and brushes; takes possession of the premises, and forthwith puts all his books and papers to rights! to his utter confusion, and sometimes serious detriment.



FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

DON CARLOS.

OF the great and truly sublime dramatic compositions of SCHILLER, "The Robbers" is the only one which has been played on the American Stage, and the only one which is generally known. We are happy to see "DON CARLOS" announced, as in preparation for stage exhibition. "A production," (says an English writer) "which, in its native tongue, has been justly considered as surpassing all his others, both in the extent of its design, and in the manner of its execution. The subject is highly interesting, being founded on historical events of considerable magnitude, and affording great room for the display of passion, and moral sentiment."

"Philip II of Spain, a monarch of no less ambition than bigotry, married Elizabeth of Valois, who, it is said, had been previously betrothed to his son Carlos. It is known, that this unhappy Prince was put to death, at the age of twenty-three, by command of his father, under cover of a sentence of the Inquisition; but the motives of this mysterious piece of cruelty are differently related. Carlos had conceived a violent resentment against the Duke of Alva, and the other ministers of Philip, who advised the bloody persecution of the Protestants in the Netherlands. This high-spirited young Prince had openly remonstrated against some of these proceedings, and finding his exertions of no avail, had resolved, as was asserted, to put himself at the head of the insurgents. To these political reasons for Philip's unnatural hatred of his son, some authors have added that of jealousy. Carlos, they pretend, could never divest himself of that affection for his mother-in-law, which the prospect of an union with her had formerly created in his breast; and Philip seeing, or imagining in the Queen a return of love for the Prince, sacrificed his wife and son to his suspicions."

"Connected, as these events are, with the great revolution, which delivered Europe from the tyranny of the Romish church, the poet has been led to interweave with the delineation of private feelings, many of those great public transactions, whose consequences have reached to our own times, and with which the historical information of Mr. SCHILLER renders him perfectly acquainted."

"Of the nature of the Historical Drama it is unnecessary to say much. That species of composition, of which Shakespeare has left so many models, is not to be circumscribed within the narrow limits of the ancient drama, from which

it totally differs. But as, on the one hand, he is not restrained to the common rules of the drama, so he is, on the other, freed from the minutiae of historical accuracy. The outline is sketched by the narrator, the coloring filled up by the poet."

"In applying these observations to the work before us, the judgment exercised by the author will appear deserving of no small degree of praise."

"The story is built upon the double ground of Carlos's love for the Queen, and his interest in the fate of the Netherlands; and the arrangement of the plot and characters is so contrived, as to excite a strong sympathy with the former, whilst it ultimately tends to enhance and exalt the latter. Among the very various traits, which different historians have given of the character of Philip, those only are selected which, by affecting the springs of terror and pity, are most suited to the great ends of tragedy. All the splendid-miseries, all the imposing vices of the tyrant are delineated, without exciting disgust at the degrading meanness of the man."

"Several of the Spanish nobility testified a strong attachment to the Prince Royal in his misfortune. One of these, the Marquis of Posa, becomes a leading character in this Drama, pre-empting at once a picture of disinterested friendship, pure benevolence, and penetrating sagacity. His liberal and enlightened views of policy form a striking contrast with the despotism of Philip, whilst his generous devotion to the cause of humanity serves to exalt and dignify that, which he shows toward his friends. In attributing to his genius and abilities the plan of that revolution, which freed the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke, the author seems to have deviated from the track of history, in order to give a greater scope and interest to his fable."

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1799.

There was a daring attempt to set fire to a work-shop in Fair-Street on Sunday night last—the fire was discovered by a person at a late hour of the night—there does not remain a doubt but what it was communicated by some evil disposed person.

Wednesday arrived the ship Sally, Capt. Lackyer, of Philadelphia, in 8 weeks from Portsmouth. Sailed with the West-India convoy, and brings 70 pieces of cannon, for the navy of the United States, and 4 large anchors. The cannon are 4, 9, 12, 18, 24, and 32 pounders.

The house of Mr. PHINEAS EAMES of Milford, (Conn.) took fire on the evening of the 31st. ult. and was entirely consumed, together with all the furniture, clothing, &c. which it contained. Two apprentices, and the only son of Mr. EAMES, perished in the flames.

A gentleman from Oporto, in a letter to his friend in Baltimore, earnestly recommends it to our government to send two or three stout vessels of no less than 18 guns, to be stationed at Coruna, for the protection of our trade—one of them to be always in sight of the harbor, the others constantly ranging the coast from thence to Vigo, as the former is the grand rendezvous for French privateers, the latter occasionally.

Capt. Smith who arrived at Portland on the 7th inst. from Cadiz, brings a confirmation of the intelligence, that the Dey of Algiers had declared war against France. Lord St. Vincent was not off Cadiz when Captain Smith sailed.

By Mr. Pilmore, a passenger in the Schooner Massachusetts, arrived from the Havana, we are informed that three men who escaped the massacre on board the ship Ocean, had arrived at the Havana previous to his departure. These men declared, that the ship Ocean had been engaged with two French privateers the greater part of the day, and beat them off—in the evening they were joined by a French Brig, when the action was renewed, and the Ocean obliged to strike her colors. After which she was boarded—Capt. Kemp was immediately murdered, when a general massacre took place of every man that could be found—None but the three above mentioned, who were secreted 48 hours in the hold, escaped. After the expiration of this time, they were discovered—and from the abundant humanity of the conquerors they were spared, and suffered to proceed to the Havana to tell their melancholy story.

A Young Lad who has served 5 years in a retail dry good store in William-Street, wants employ in that line—enquire at this office. The most satisfactory recommendations will be given.

ELECTION.

On Thursday afternoon the Polls of the different Wards closed, when the canvassing for SENATORS immediately took place—the following is the result:

Federal Ticket.		Republican Ticket.	
R. Hatfield,	1280	E. Robins,	678
J. B. Coles,	1237	P. V. Courtland,	jun. 630

The canvass of the votes for Members of Assembly was completed yesterday; upon the final estimate of the whole, there appeared a majority of near 1000 in favor of the Federal Ticket.

NEW THEATRE.

Last night of performing this Season for the LESSEE of the Theatre.

On MONDAY EVENING will be PRESENTED,

For the first time in America, a celebrated Tragedy, written by Frederick Schiller, author of the Robbers, the Minister, and the Conspiracy of Fiesco, called,

Don Carlos.

Between the Tragedy and the Opera, a Melo-Drame, called ARIADNE abandoned on the Isle of Naxos.

To which will be added, a Comic Opera, called,

The Prize.

Mrs. OLDMIXON'S BENEFIT.

On Wednesday Evening, May the 2th, will be presented, a new Comedy, never performed here, called,

False and True;

Or The WARRIOR TRIUMPHANT.

End of the Play an Entertainment, entitled,

A PICK NICK, or AN OLLA PODRIDA.

Alexander's Feast, by Mr Cooper; Trio, from the Critic, by Mrs Oldmixon, Mrs Seymour and Mr Tyler; Mad Bells (in character) by Mrs Oldmixon; Peter Pindar's Razor Grinder, by Mr Jefferson; Song, Mrs Oldmixon; Une petite Molleau, by Mrs Barrett.

Song of the Hobbies by Mr Barrett.

To conclude with an entire new Farce, called,

Boheration;

Or a Ten Years Blunder.

Tickets to be had of Mrs Oldmixon, no. 38 John-Street, of Mr Hugh Gaine, Pearl-Street, of Mr John Hyde, Pine-Street, and at the usual places. Boxes and places of Mr Falconer and Mrs Oldmixon.

Tammany Society, or, Columbian Order.

The members are requested to be punctual in their attendance at the Wigwam on Monday evening, the 6th of May inst. as some particular business will be laid before them.

By order of the Grand Sachem.

D. DODGE, Sec'y.

EDUCATION.

NATHANIEL MEAD, no. 13 Nassau-Street, teaches Reading, English Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, Elocution, and various branches of the Mathematics—for terms enquire as above.

A MORNING SCHOOL,

from 6 to 8 o'clock, will be opened at the above place, on Monday the 6th inst. May 1, 1799. 57-4f.

REMOVAL.

Dr NESBITT has removed to no. 45a Pearl-Street.

TWO DOLLARS REWARD.

LOST on Wednesday evening the 17th of April, a POCKET BOOK, with a Bank Note of fifteen dollars, one Ticket in the State Road Lottery, two quarter dollars and sundry accounts. Whoever has found the same, and will return it to no. 60 Catharine-Street, shall be entitled to the above reward, and thanks from

May 3, 1799. ABIAH MARSHALL.

CHEAP BOARDING SCHOOL.

Mrs. Wentworth is about to open one in Stamford, in a very healthy Pleasant Situation, and will take six young Misses as Boarders. Spelling, Reading, writing, plain Sewing, and Needle Work, will be taught. The terms is 75 Dollars a year for particulars enquire of William Fitch New-York, or to John W. Holly, in Stamford.

May 4, 1799.

57 6w.



COURT of APOLLO.

THE SAILOR BOY CAPERING ASHORE.

POLL, dang it, how d'ye do?
Nan, won't you give a buse?
Why, what's to do wi' you,
Why, here's a pretty fule;
Say shall we kiss and toy,
I goes to sea no more,
Oh! I'm the Sailor Boy,
For capering ashore.

Father he apprentic'd me,
All to a coasting ship;
I being resolv'd, d'ye see,
To give them all the slip
I got to Yarmouth Fair,
Where I had been before,
So father found me there
A capering ashore.

Next out to India,
I went a Guinea Pig,
We got to Tabia Bay,
But mind a pretty rig,
The ship driven out to sea,
Left me and many more,
Among the Hottentots,
A capering ashore.

I loves a bit of hop,
Life's ne'er the worse for't,
If in my wake should drop
A fiddle—that's your fort;
Thrice tumble up a-boy,
Once get the labour o'er,
Then see the Sailor Boy
A capering ashore.

SALE BY MORTGAGE.

WHEREAS James McLaughry, by an assignment or instrument of writing, bearing date the 1st day of May one thousand seven hundred and ninety eight, did assign, transfer, and let over unto Henry Felthousen, a certain indenture of lease, and all and singular the premises therein contained; which lease contains all that certain lot of ground, situate, lying and being in the seventh ward of the city of New-York, and known and distinguished in a certain map or chart thereof made among other lots, by Casimer Th. Goerck, by Lot number 495. Bounded westerly in front by Second-street, easterly in the rear by lot number 2, northerly by lot no. 496, and southerly by lot no. 494—Containing in breadth in front and rear each 25 feet, and in length on each side 75. To have and to hold the same from first day of May 1796, for 20 years, under certain covenants, rents and conditions in the lease annexed to the said mortgage mentioned and contained: Provided nevertheless that if the said James should pay to the said Henry fifty dollars on the first day of November last, pursuant to a certain sealed bill, bearing even date with the said assignment, then the said assignment was declared to be void; but if default should happen to be made in the said payment, then the said Henry was declared to have full power to sell and dispose of the said lease and premises at auction. And whereas default hath been made in the payment of the said money. Now therefore notice is hereby given that the said indenture of lease and premises, and all right and title of the said James thereto will be sold at public auction on the premises, on the tenth day of September next, at twelve o'clock at noon of the same day, for the purpose of satisfying the principal and interest due on the said bill. Dated this 7th day of March 1799.

49--6m.

HENRY FELTHOUSEN.

SCHOOL.

A young man who is qualified to teach Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and English Grammar: and who can exhibit good testimonials as to his sobriety and diligence, may hear of an eligible situation as Usher in an English School, by applying at No. 49 Chatham-street.

New-York, April 12, 1799.

54--4w, 5

GEORGE G. BUFFET,

No. 76 PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK,

OFFERS the Ladies, Gentlemen, and Public at large, the following articles for sale very low for cash.

HAIR POWDER.

Best scented Marechalle,
do. Violet,
do. Bergamot,
do. Plain,

BROWN POWDER.

Marechalle,
Dutchese,
Bergamot,
Orris do.
Violet do.

ESSENTIALS.

Marechalle,
Dutchese,
Vanille,
Eliothrope,
Millefleurs,
Bergamot,
Citron,
Lavender,
Bears Grease.

SCENTED.

Musk,
Bergamot,
Citron,
Lavender,
Thyme,
Rosemary.

SCENTED WATERS.

Cologne,
Hungary,
Lavender,
Honey water,
Millefleurs,
Carmy,
Bergamot,
Arquebuse, for swellings,
bruises, contusions, cuts,
scars, &c.

Orange flower,
Rose,
Noijau,
Red Lavender.

Spirits of Cochlearie,
Ess. Antiscorbutic, for the
gums.

Syrup Pectoral, for cold,
cough, and consumption.
The genuine Balsam of Life,
which will expel all pains
of the head and Stomach.
Pectoral Lozenges.
Peppermint do.

SHAVING SOAPS.

Best Naples,
Shaving Powder,
Ess. of Soap,
Wiedfor,
Italian Squares.

Superfine Pearl Powder,
Superfine Rouge,
Lip Salve,
Suk Puffs,
Swandown Puffs,
Combs of all kinds,

Comb Brushes,
Tooth Brushes,
Tooth Powder,
Opia do.
Writing paper,
Wax, Wafers,
Ink-powder, Quills,
Blacking balls,
Tupce Iron,
Shaving boxes and brushes,
With a variety of other ar-
ticles.

Bethesda Select Boarding School, PATTERSON, NEW-JERSEY.

The House lately occupied as a Hotel.

BY the desire and approbation of several respectable families, Mrs. PHILLIPS has altered her plan, and has taken that large well known house at Patterson. Her terms is 45l. per annum, which includes Board, Spelling, Reading, Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, the use of the Globes, Plain Work, Marking, Darning, Embroidery, Cloth Work, Point Work, Filigree raised and flat, Paper Work, Print Work, Tambour, Muffin Work of every description, making Artificial Flowers, &c. &c. Several young Ladies of genteel families are already engaged, and she has room for many more. She desires to acknowledge, with gratitude, the favors she has received from many families in New-York, and hopes still to meet with their patronage.

Specimens of Mrs. Phillips' works may be seen at the place where she at present resides, no. 417 Pearl-street, where also farther particulars may be known respecting the School, which will be ready to commence at Patterson by the 1st of May next. Those Ladies who wish it, can go to Patterson with Mrs. Phillips.

The health, morals and behavior of the young Ladies, will be particularly attended to. They will not be allowed to walk out without sufficient attendance.

EDUCATION.

WILLIAM PIRSSON respectfully informs his friends and the public, that the

ACADEMY,

no. 417 Pearl-street, late the Rev. Mr Phillips's is again opened for the reception of Youth of both sexes; where are taught the following branches of education, viz. English grammatically, Writing, Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, and Geography. The young ladies are taught plain and fine Needle works, by Mrs. Pirsson, in a separate apartment. They beg leave to offer their grateful acknowledgements to those ladies who have hitherto patronized her school, and hope that by their united exertions, they will give ample satisfaction to those who may please to entrust their children to their care.

N.B. French, Music, and Drawing by eminent masters.

JUST received per the ship Fair American, for H. CARITAT, and for sale at his Circulating Library and Book Store, no. 153 Broadway, a general assortment of new and most approved NOVELS, ordered either from the reputation of their authors, the characters given them by the reviewers, or the approbation they received at reading in H. Caritat's Library; they are London Editions, and of course printed on fine paper and large types, half bound, and on that account cheaper, but may be elegantly bound within the shortest notice, when requested.

N. B. H. CARITAT has also an extensive assortment of Books of every description, English and French; Globes, Elegant Watches, Prints, &c. each article of which he will sell on the most reasonable terms. 56--4t

BY order of Richard Harrison, Esq. Recorder of the city of New-York; Whereas James A. Smith, of the city of New-York, Insolvent debtor, hath in conjunction with several of his Creditors, whose debts amount at least to three fourths of all the money owing by the said Insolvent, presented a petition to the said Recorder, praying that the said Insolvent's estate may be assigned, and the said Insolvent discharged according to the act of the Legislature of the state of New-York, entitled "An act for giving relief in cases of Insolvency," passed the 21st March, 1788. Notice is therefore hereby given to all the Creditors of the said Insolvent, that they shew cause if any they have, before the said Recorder, by the seventh day of June next, at his chambers, situate in Broad-Way, in the city of New-York, why an assignment of the said Insolvent's estate should not be made for the benefit of all his Creditors, and the said Insolvent discharged agreeable to the form and directions of the above mentioned act. Dated the 8th day of April, 1799.

JAMES A. SMITH, Insolvent debtor.

Jacob Forsyth and James Hallett, some of the petitioning Creditors. 54--6w, 1.

Bridgen and Mulligan, Attorneys.

BY order of Richard Harrison, Esq. Recorder of the city of New-York; Whereas John Daniel, of the city of New-York, Insolvent debtor, hath in conjunction with several of his Creditors, whose debts amount at least to three fourths of all the money owing by the said Insolvent, presented a petition to the said Recorder, praying that the said Insolvent's estate may be assigned, and the said Insolvent discharged according to the act of the Legislature of the state of New-York, entitled "An act for giving relief in cases of Insolvency," passed the 21st March, 1788. Notice is therefore hereby given to all the Creditors of the said Insolvent, that they shew cause if any they have, before the said Recorder, by the seventh day of June next, at his chambers, situate in Broad-Way, in the city of New-York, why an assignment of the said Insolvent's estate should not be made for the benefit of all his Creditors, and the said Insolvent discharged agreeable to the form and directions of the above mentioned act. Dated the 8th day of April, 1799.

JOHN DANIEL, Insolvent debtor.

John Contrille and Thomas Eves, some of the petitioning Creditors. 54--6w, 1.

Bridgen and Mulligan, Attorneys.

TEAS.

GUN POWDER,
Hyfon,
Hyfon Skin,
Young Hyfon,
and
Souchong

TEAS of the first quality.

also,

Hibbert's Brown Stout and Porter,
ENGLISH CHEESE, &c. with a general assortment of
GROCERIES.

For sale by HITCHCOCK and HOPSON,

no. 206 Water-Street, one door
east of Beekman-Ship.

Feb. 23, 47 10t.

ROBERT and JOHN SHARP

HAVE removed from no. 91 William-Street, to no. 95 Maiden-Lane, the store lately occupied by Messrs. Mallaby and Durand, where they have for sale a general assortment of DRY GOODS. April 20. 56--1t

Printed and Published by

JOHN HARRISON,

No. 3 Peck-Slip.